Act. 1. Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with message vnto princely *Pericles*, but since my landing, I haue vnderstood your Lord has betake himselfe to vnknowne trauailes, now message must returne from whence it came.

Hell. Wee haue no reason to desire it, commended to our maister not to vs, yet ere you shall depart, this wee desire, as friends to *Antioch* wee may feast in *Tyre*. *Exit.*

Enter Cleon the Gouernour of Tharsus, with his wife and others.

Cleon. My *Dyoniza* shall wee rest vs heere,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if 't will teach vs to forget our owne?

Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hills because they doe aspire?
Throwes downe one mountaine to cast vp a higher:
O my distressed Lord, euen such our griefes are,
Heere they are but felt, and seene with mischiefs eyes,
But like to Groues, being topt, they higher rise.

Cleon. O *Dioniza*,
Who wanteth food, and will not say hee wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till hee famish?
Our toungs and sorrowes to sound deepe:
Our woes into the aire, our eyes to weepe.
Till toungs fetch breath that may proclaime
Them louder, that if heauen slumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers, to comfort them.
Ile then discourse our woes felt seuerall yeares,
And wanting breath to speake, helpe mee with teares.

Dyoniza. Ile doe my best Syr.

Cleon. This *Tharsus* ore which I haue the gouernment,
A Cittie on whom plentie held full hand:
For riches strew'de her selfe euen in her streetes,

Whose

Whose towers bore heads so high they kist the clowds,
And strangers nere beheld, but wondred at,
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'de,
Like one anothers glasse to trim them by,
Their tables were stor'de full to glad the sight,
And not so much to feede on as delight,
All pouertie was scor'nde, and pride so great,
The name of helpe grewe odious to repeat.

Dion. O t'is too true.

Cle. But see what heauen can doe by this our change,
These mouthes who but of late, earth, sea, and ayre,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although thy gaue their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'de for want of vse,
They are now staru'de for want of exercise,
Those pallats who not yet too sauers younger,
Must haue inuentions to delight the tast,
Would now be glad of bread and beg for it,
Those mothers who to nouzell vp their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are readie now
To eat those little darlings whom they lou'de,
So sharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,
Drawe lots who first shall die, to lengthen life.
Heere stands a Lord, and there a Ladie weeping:
Heere manie sincke, yet those which see them fall,
Haue scarce strength left to giue them buryall.
Is not this true?

Dion. Our cheekes and hollow eyes doe witnesse it.

Cle. O let those Cities that of plenties cup,
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots heare these teares,
The miserie of *Tharsus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Wheres the Lord Gouernour?

Cle. Here, speake out thy sorrowes, which thee bringst in